

THE TIMES' DAILY SERIAL STORY.

A WHITE STREAK OF DISASTER

By EDGAR FRANKLIN

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Synopsis of Chapters Already Published.

John Grafton practically owns the prosperous town of Grafton, a company promoted by George Coleman, to which he has mortgaged his entire fortune. The papers concerning the deal disappear. There are no clues save an odor of Turkish tobacco in Grafton's private office, and he recalls that, while exhibiting his business suite to his friend, Parker, the watchman, James H. Grafton, left the building near midnight. A detective, Burleigh, attempts to unravel the mystery.

CHAPTER VI.

A Spot and a Revelation.

GRAFTON breathed a somewhat doubtful sigh of relief. "Our job is to find them—yes," he said, "but where shall we begin the hunt?"

"Where, to be sure?" laughed Burleigh. "Why, from one end of the room to the other, from the floor to the ceiling, almost. I'll guarantee we'll find traces of the fellow in six or seven different places. However, the thing is to hunt and not loiter over it."

He stared at Grafton in absent fashion. "Now, let us see—there was that odor of Turkish tobacco. Your friend noticed it earlier in the evening, and it was even stronger when you returned the second time."

"Yes," Grafton said, "who smokes Turkish cigarettes with whom you are acquainted, of course?"

"Any one of a dozen men at the club," said Grafton, hesitatingly. "And not a single one of them could be connected with this."

"None of your employees?"

"Not that I am aware of. They are not permitted to smoke during business hours, Burleigh—what they do outside of this office I cannot say."

"And your watchman out there?"

"He is not allowed to smoke while on duty."

"But," Burleigh rubbed his chin thoughtfully, "you have no distinct recollection of any one, then, with whom you come frequently in personal contact using this sort of tobacco?"

"Well, the odor proves nothing beyond the presence of the fellow, then. According to the data we have in hand, he must have been here at least twice since the office closed last night—once when you arrived with your friend and evidently frightened him away by the noise of the elevator. I fancy, and once again when he turned out the lights. Now, where was he concealed between those two visits?"

Grafton shook his head. "Not about the rooms, certainly. They are all open."

"The fire escape, then?" said Burleigh. "The ladders were taken down at 6 o'clock to be painted. He couldn't have gone down there."

"Very true, but he might have been sitting out on the platform, well out of sight, while you and this Mr. Elford were talking."

"But," cried Grafton, "my dear sir, anything is possible in such an affair as this. We know that the window had been opened, or at least we have very good reason to believe it. Why shouldn't he have stepped out there? Let's see."

Burleigh turned and crossed the office to the window.

For a time the detective said nothing, bending over the varnished sill and scanning it closely. Then he raised his head and smiled over his shoulder at the other.

"Just come here, Mr. Grafton. You see? Here's a good, deep scratch, very plainly made by the nails of a boot heel, isn't it?"

"Well, it seems to be."

"And now, we'll open the window and see whether there are more scratches on the iron platform."

He threw up the sash and climbed out. About the window the paint was almost entirely scraped off, for the porters were accustomed to stand there while cleaning the panes. Burleigh edged his way to the farther end, lighted a match or two and searched carefully.

"Well, here's another theory pretty well justified," he announced cheerfully. "The footprints are here fast enough, Mr. Grafton."

"But they may not have been made this evening."

"Our friend did some writing, Mr. Grafton."

"What?"

"You haven't been using a pen in the last hour, have you?"

"No."

"Then he did, you may be sure. Set here's a stub, with the ink hardly dry even now. He was hurried, for he did not even take the time to dry the point."

"But what on earth could have set him to writing?"

"That's our next problem, Mr. Grafton. I looked over the blotters once more; black and worn as each of them was, the thief might have dried a dozen pages with any one and left no trace whatever. He tossed them aside."

"Nothing to be learned there, either. I fear, however—"

Burleigh bent low over the big pad of blotting paper that covered Grafton's desk, and a very few seconds later his head came up again and he was smiling broadly.

"There's our confirmation of the writing," he said, one finger pointing to the page.

Grafton hurried to his side and stared down at the desk. Under Burleigh's finger he saw a small round blot—a patch, pale as the size of a dime.

"It is very fresh," said the detective. "It's copying ink, apparently, for the blot is almost a light blue, whereas every other one is black. More than that, it's hardly dry even now."

"But what does it teach us?" laughed Burleigh. "Well, that he had need for a pen and that he used one of yours. What exactly you could have had for it?"

"I don't know," confessed the detective. "But I am sure, Burleigh, that he wanted it to hurry, too."

He whistled softly through his teeth for a time, while Grafton watched with growing anxiety. Burleigh looked at him.

"You have no means of knowing just how many sheets of paper—letter paper—were in the desk?"

"Of course not."

"It had occurred to me that he might have wanted it," Burleigh broke off suddenly. "Envelopes, then?"

"Well, I use the Government stamped envelopes," said Grafton, vaguely. "Any idea of the number of them that you left last night?"

The owner of the Grafton building frowned in thought.

"Why, yes," he said, suddenly. "I have. Last evening, just before that telegram came, I needed an envelope and opened a new bunch. They're in the pigeon-hole now—the long kind, you see. I used one for mailing some old insurance policies. There should be two left."

"You are positive of that?"

"Perfectly sure of that at least, Burleigh."

The detective took down the bundle and counted them swiftly. He whistled aloud and went through them again, and even for the third time.

"Well, there are twenty-three here now," he said, triumphantly.

"That's all."

For a moment they stared at each other. Burleigh's train of investigation seemed to be leading somewhere.

building when Mr. Grafton first came here, just about midnight?"

"None of them, sir."

"You are absolutely certain of that, are you?"

"I make a trip of the whole building at least once an hour throughout the night—sometimes oftener."

"So I supposed," Burleigh stared fixedly at him, and Parker returned the stare almost defiantly.

He seemed hardly reassured, when Burleigh suddenly closed the door, almost faintly in his face. The detective took up his tramp of the floor once more, and for another space Grafton regarded him questioning.

"Mr. Grafton, as sure as you're sitting there, I've got it!"

"The explanation?"

"Yes, sir! Listen to this. We know the man was here; we know that he stole them; that he directed the envelope."

"Naturally."

"We know, too, that he used ink and an envelope—therefore, in all probability, that he directed the envelope."

"Yes, yes."

"More than that, we know that a letter was mailed just as you went up in the elevator, and Parker's testimony narrows it down to the simple fact that the thief was the only man in the building who could have mailed it."

"Of course," cried Grafton, and there was expectancy in his voice.

Burleigh drew a long breath. "Then, sir, I'll tell you what happened. The man heard you coming and was panic-stricken. He found the envelope on him; it meant jail—if found without them, he might manage some explanation. What does he do? Well, he sits right down at that desk, sir, incloses the documents in one of your own stamped envelopes, seals it, directs it to himself and drops it into the chute."

"And you believe that they are down stairs in the letter-box still?"

"I'm as sure as if I saw them now, Mr. Grafton. But don't look so relieved, sir."

"Because they've passed from the thief's possession into the care of the United States Government—and for all the good they'll do you now, sir, they might just as well be in Halifax."

A Continuation of This Story Will Be Found in Tomorrow's Issue of The Times.

FATHER WITHDRAWS ASSAULT CHARGE AND SON IS FREED

Caused Boy's Arrest, But Relents on Promise to Stop Drinking.

ROCKVILLE, Md., Sept. 24.—When the case of Harry Heese, of Clarksville, this county, was called for trial in the police court here yesterday afternoon, the young man's father, Deputy Sheriff W. W. Heese, at whose instance the boy was arrested, announced that he desired to withdraw the charge, explaining that the son had agreed to stop drinking. The case was accordingly dismissed and the boy accompanied his father back home.

While under the influence of liquor a few nights ago, young Heese, it was charged, assaulted his father, and he was arrested and placed in jail. He declares he will never touch intoxicants again.

Prof. Earle B. Wood, county superintendent of public schools, has directed the teachers of Montgomery county to enforce strictly the regulation of the State board of health prohibiting the use of "common drinking cups" in the public schools. The law restricts the use of common drinking cups in such public places as schools, hotels, churches, railway trains, railroad sta-

tions, barber shops, stores, libraries, etc., and severe penalties are provided for violations.

The county public school commissioners have appropriated \$40 for improvements to the school building at Kensington.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin H. Miller celebrated the fifth anniversary of their marriage a few days ago by entertaining several hundred guests at a party, their beautiful home near Ashton, this county. The aged couple were presented with many handsome presents. A collation was served.

Willard O. Waters, of Washington, has purchased from R. T. Strickland a house and lot at Kensington, this county. Mr. Strickland and family have removed to Washington.

Among the couples married in Rockville within the last few days were David Ernest Cohen, twenty-one, and Miss Esther Marie Sheehan, aged eighteen; and Harry Cornelius Ross and Miss Ernestine Wightman, all of Washington.

Frank Remmel, of Baltimore, was yesterday released from jail by order of Judge Edward C. Peter, because of the representation of the jail physician that he was suffering from tuberculosis. Remmel and George Maivey, of Washington, were arrested during the recent fair here on the charge of pocket-picking. Maivey is in jail awaiting trial at the November term of court.

Foundrymen's Exhibit Opens in Buffalo

BUFFALO, N. Y., Sept. 24.—The foundrymen's exhibit, driven by 400 motors, was opened at Convention Hall today. At a joint meeting of the American Foundrymen's Association, the American Institute of Metals and the Associated Foundry Foremen held the opening session of their annual convention at the Hotel Statler.

Marine Band Going On Western Tour

The Marine Band—the "President's Own"—will leave here tomorrow on its annual concert tour. The far West will be visited by the navy musicians this year, two concerts being scheduled almost daily. Proceeds from the tour will be divided among the bandmen.

Keep the Children's Bowels Clean Now

If Tongue is Coated, Stomach Sour, Breath Foul, Bowels Clogged, Give "Syrup of Figs."

Children dearly love to take delicious "Syrup of Figs" and nothing else cleans and regulates their tender little stomachs, liver, and 30 feet of bowels so promptly and thoroughly.

Children get bilious and constipated, just like grown-ups. Then they get sick, the tongue is coated, stomach sour, breath bad; they don't eat or rest well; they become feverish, cross, irritable, and don't want to play. Listen, Mothers—for your child's sake don't force the little one to swallow nauseating castor oil, violent calomel or harsh irritants like Cathartic pills. A teaspoonful of Syrup of Figs will have your child smiling and happy again in just a few hours. Syrup of Figs will gently clean, sweeten and regulate the stomach, make the liver active, and move on and out of the bowels all the constipated matter, the sour bile, the foul, clogged-up waste and poisons, without causing cramps or griping.

With Syrup of Figs you are not dragging or injuring your children. Being composed entirely of luscious figs, senna, and aromatics, it cannot be harmful. Full directions for children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly printed on the package.

Ask your druggist for the full name "Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna" prepared by the California Fig Syrup Co. This is the delicious tasting, genuine old reliable. Refuse anything else offered.

AMUSEMENTS

COLUMBIA Tonight at 8:15 Matinee at 2:15 Thur. & Sat. The Latest Comedy of Modern Life **THE SEARCHLIGHT** With a Cast of Metropolitan Favorites Including **ROBERT DROUET** Orchestra \$1 & \$1.50. Bal. 75c. Gal. 50c. Next Week—Henry Miller, "The Rain-bow."

POLITE VAUDEVILLE The Most Beautiful Theatre in America Attractions Equalling the 27 Theatres Daily Mat., 2:30 & 5:00. Even., 7:30, 9:30. **Fritz Starmfels** Late Star of "The Merry Widow" and a Great Musical "Cast, in Jerry L. Lasky's "In the Park." Val-letto Bergers & Co. Radio City. Law-Hawking, Les Gouges, Muller Trio, etc. NEXT WEEK—Nina Morris & Co. "The Yellow Peril." Marguerite Haney, Ralph Lynn & Co. in "The Leading Lady." Julius Tannen, Burns & Fulton, etc. Buy Today.

BELASCO Last Week. **PAUL J. RAINEY'S AFRICAN HUNT** Sensational—Wonderful—Thrilling Prices, 50c and 25c. NEXT WEEK—H. W. MAT. HENRY, HUBERT PRESTON. **JAMES T. POWERS** IN HIS NEW COMEDY, "TWO LITTLE BRIDES" A ROLLING MUSICAL PLAY WITH A SCORE BY GUFTAL KEIKER.

ACADEMY Even., 7:30 & 9:30. Mat., 2:30 & 5:00. **MARY, TUES, THUR & SAT.** A. H. Woods offers the Great Laughing Sensation. **THE GIRL IN THE TAXI** NEXT WEEK—The Divorce Question.

POLI'S PARTNER EVERY DAY EXCEPT FRIDAY ALL SEATS 25c 25-50 & 75c. **PLAYERS** This Week **Paid In Full** NEXT WEEK, LAST WEEK OF STOCK. THE GREAT INDIAN. Followed by Poli Popular Vaudeville. **SMOKE IF LYCEUM MATINEE** YOU LIKE LYCEUM MATINEE DAILY HENRY P. DIXON SUBMITS **FRANKIE HEATH** And **The Big Review** A REVIVAL OF IMPERSONATIONS OF THE GREAT ACTORS. Next Week—TIGER LILLIES.

GAYETY VAUDEVILLE'S BEST ENTERTAINERS **BEN WELCH** AND HIS **BURLESQUERS** NEXT WEEK—"The Queens of Paris."

CASINO 7th & F Sts. 10c & 20c. Under New Management. 1:30-2:30 3:15-4:15 5:15-6:15 7:15-8:15 9:15-10:15 **EMILY DODD & CO.** In "The Awakening of Lucille." And Other Feature Acts. New Pictures. Big Concert Sunday.

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STEAMER CHARLES MACALESTE Two trips daily except Sunday to **MOUNT VERNON** Leaving Seventh Street Wharf at 10 a. m. and 2:30 p. m. Round trip to gate, 50c.

AUTUMN RESORTS Atlantic City. **THE Marlborough-Blenheim** ATLANTIC CITY, N. J. Leading Resort House of the World Josiah White & Sons Co.

THE THRIFTY HOUSEWIFE will do well to consult daily the numerous and unusual bargains offered in The Times "For Sale-Miscellaneous" Column on the Want Ad page.



An American woman simply can't—

Paris styles are fascinating, but many of them are so extreme that American women simply can't wear them. This drawing, which has just come to us from the French capital, shows one of the very latest Parisian modes as it was worn on the street.

Every woman will admit that it is captivating, but still—

If you are interested to see how smartly the impossibly extreme new styles of Paris are adapted to suit the sensible American taste, get a copy of Woman's Home Companion for October.

Get it at news-stands—15 cents, or send 15 cents to

WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

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Dandruff and Falling Hair Remedy

Fifty Cent Bottle of Parisian Sage Hair Tonic Best for All Hair and Scalp Troubles

Every man and woman who values a good head of hair should regularly use Parisian Sage. Tens of thousands of people are using it every day because it is such a clean, honest remedy that does exactly what it is advertised to do or money back. Please bear in mind that Parisian Sage is not a dye; that it does not contain sugar of lead, or any other dangerous ingredient, and that it will stop falling hair, scalp itch, and rid your scalp of every particle of dandruff. It will do more: it makes hair grow lustrous and luxuriant and put a radiant beauty into dull, lifeless hair. Get a bottle of Parisian Sage today at any drug store or toilet goods counter. The price is only 50 cents. Be sure and ask for Parisian Sage Hair Tonic; the girl with the Auburn hair in every cartoon, Jas. O'Donnell has it.